A REVIEW OF THE STATE OF THE BRITISH NATION.

Thursday, September 29. 1709.

BUT, O the *Stock-jobbers*! What say they now to the late Battle? —— Let them tell us, if ever they fail'd to prompt a *Jacobite* Intereſt. As ſoon as ever the ſecond Thoughts of the Battle came to be digeſted among them, away they run with the Notion of a Mock-Victory, cry up the Loſs of the Confederates, reckon up, and fairly double the Number of the Slain; and what's the Uſe of all this? —— Down comes the Stock, Tumbling as they call it—— There's the firſt Turn it ſerves, and all by the Influence of common Noiſe or Rumour—— This RUMOUR was One of *Fame*'s Baſtards, and was long ago put to Nurſe to an old tattling Bawd, call'd *Whiſper*, where ſhe ſtaid till ſhe was a great Wench, and then ſhe was put to School to One *Clamour*, where ſhe learn'd to talk aloud, ſcold, cry, and be very noiſie. It chanc'd, that there came an old Witch that Way, and finding her very fit for the Devil's Service, ſhe took her into his Pay, gave her a great Pair of Wings to fly with, and by him ſhe has been entertain'd ever ſince, and Abundance of Service ſhe does him——Particularly ſhe is his Poſt, and ſerves him, as *Mercury* did the Gods of Old, for a Pimp, or a ſpeedy Meſſenger—— And indeed this Jade *Rumour* is the ſwifteſt Creature that ever had Wings; ſhe flies with an incredible Speed, ſhe comes inviſibly, changes her Shape and her Tail innumerable

numerable Ways, as ſerves the Occaſion of thoſe that employ her.

I have very rarely known her do much Service, eſpecially of late; the beſt Piece of Work ſhe has done *among us*, was at the Revolution, when ſhe was a little while out of Service, and turn'd *Whig*—*Firſt*, She amus'd and terrify'd King *James* and his Party, upon every Turn of the Wind, with the Coming of the Prince of *Orange*—Then ſhe abus'd and impos'd upon him, as to the Place of their Landing, and making him believe, the *Dutch* Fleet would land then in the *North*, caus'd him to ſend away his beſt Troops into *Suffolk* and *Norfolk*, and then have them to fetch back again: When the *Dutch* came, then ſhe gilted him again with their Numbers, and made him believe, they were twice as many as they were; at laſt ſhe play'd the cunningeſt Trick that ever was heard of, and that was, when ſhe flew all over *England* in a Moment, and told the People in every Town, the *Iriſh* were coming to cut all their Throats—— Here ſhe put an hundred Thouſand Men in Arms immediately, and an hundred Thouſand Women out of their Wits, and all was but a meer RUMOUR.

She had before that ſerv'd King *James* another baſe Trick, ſhe made him believe, the *Dutch* Fleet was ſcatter'd by a great Storm, Abundance of Men drowned, their Horſes loſt, the Deſign ruin'd, and that it was impoſſible they could be in a Condition to do the Buſineſs that Year—Upon this the honeſt *Papiſts* diſcover'd themſelves again, began to repent of their Repentance, put a Stop to the Reſtitutions they were making, and to ſhow, that all they had done before was only for Fear, and that nothing but Force would do the Buſineſs; but the next Poſt let us know, this was nothing but a Trick of that falſe Jade RUMOUR, and all return'd to its former Condition.

After this ſhe lay ſtill a while, and was not in ſo much Reputation as ſhe had been, and quickly found, that ſhe happen'd to be on the wrong ſide; for Lying and Tricking being not ſo abſolutely neceſſary to the *Whigs*, or at leaſt not to their Cauſe——She did not find ſo much Buſineſs, nor was ſhe ſo capable to do Miſchief as uſual—And naturally hating Idleneſs, away ſhe run to ſeek an Employ; the *Jacobites* engroſs'd her preſently, and have kept her in their conſtant Pay ever ſince, except that of late they hir'd her out to the *Stock-jobbers*; of which by and by.

The firſt piece of Service I find her doing in her new Employ, was to report all over *France* that King *William* was dead: 'Tis true, ſhe might be privy to the Aſſaſſination-Plot, and ſo believing that Deſign to be infallible, ſhe run, like the Poſtillion of the Party, afore-hand to make them believe it was done; and upon this the King of *France*, made Bonfires, *&c.* but ſhe jilted him, and when they found it was not true, they cauſed RUMOUR to accuſe her ſelf, and ſay, it was only a RUMOUR.

After this fooliſh Exploit ſhe has run harebrain'dly over the World, playing the Jilt with all ſhe has had to do with: How many Shams has ſhe put upon the poor K. of *Sweden!* How often has ſhe mock'd us with his Victory over the *Muſcovite!* The good Circumſtances of his Army, his Entring *Muſcovy* and Depoſing the Czar, till amuſed by theſe RUMOURS, we find our ſelves unſpeakably ſurpriz'd with the Account of his being entirely Overthrown, his whole Army Deſtroy'd or taken Priſoners, and himſelf Loſt for ſome time: Immediately this ſwift Conveyer of wild Stories put her ſelf in ſearch for him; ſometimes ſhe found him in *Tartary*, ſometimes in *Podolia*, ſometimes in *Turkey*; once ſhe made him ride Poſt through *Berlin incognito*—— But at laſt, after a vaſt Variety of RUMOUR, we find his Majeſty ſafe in *DANTZICK, as the* Poles *call it*, or *Oczackow*, as the Geographers write it, and there *Rumour* ſays he is like to ſtay; whether ſhe ſays true *or lies*, according to her ancient cuſtom, Time muſt determine.

From *Muſcovy* we find her ranging into *North-Britain*, and there ſhe has play'd a thouſand Jacobite Tricks with us; among which, one was the fooliſheſt and moſt abſurd that ever ſhe went about in this Age—and this was to raiſe a *Rumour* of Perſecution, and tell us long diſmal Stories of the Sufferings

Sufferings of the Episcopal Clergy there, on account of Episcopacy, when in truth it was only a RUMOUR, and most maliciously was she employ'd in this too—since really the whole Matter was nothing but the Government putting down the *Jacobite* Meetings there, the Ministers refusing either to take the Oaths to the Government, or Pray for Her Majesty—— And the Church of *England*, who seem'd at first to be a little alarm'd at this RUMOUR, were, upon Enquiry, so convinc'd of the Reasonableness and Necessity of this, and so sensible of its being their own constant Usage in *England*, that they soon came to be convinc'd of the Truth of Fact, and disown the Complainers, and all the Blame of their Mistakes was justly laid to this Deceiver of Nations, call'd RUMOUR.

All these Disappointments could not yet baulk this restless Devil, but now she is at work upon a new Contrivance, even in *North-Britain*. *The Case is this*, Since the *Jacobite* Dissenters have fail'd in their claiming Kindred of the Church of *England*, and of their being protected in their Invasions of, and Intrusions into the Church of *Scotland*; They have turn'd the Tables, and to liken themselves the more to the Church of *England*—— they revive the old miscarried abortive Attempt of setting up the Common-Prayer, or *English* Liturgy in *Scotland*—— It is manifest they do not do it of choice, or from Principle, because they never offer'd to serve GOD in that manner when their Church was uppermost in *Scotland*—— But 'tis plain, 'tis done in order to provoke and animate the people to some Excesses, which they think the Government will be bound to oppose and resent—— And they will remember the Tale of the Bishop, and of the Three-legged Stool, a Disorder they wish for again: This is the short History of the thing, but this is not all.

But to forward the Design they send away for this Engine of Hell—this RUMOUR, to make the poor People uneasie; and this is by raising her Voice in every Body's Ears, that the QUEEN encourag'd and supported them—That Her Majesty being educated in the same Religion, or Manner of Worship, would be sure to favour them, and would not joyn to Persecute Her own Opinion—— This was not only RUMOUR'D, but 'twas also spread as an Addition, That the B—— of *L*——*n* had written a Letter to them, signifying, That the QUEEN was resolv'd to support and maintain them in the Liberty of their Conscience, and erecting or introducing the Common Prayer-Book into *Scotland*.

Some Folks, who have a little Charity for the B—— of *L*——*n*, will not believe he ever wrote so, supposing his L——p could not be so unmannerly to the Queen, who he once so dragoonly guarded in Person, arry'd in the true Church Militants Colour, *I mean the Church Militant on Earth*, whose Colour, Authors agree, must be *true Blue*.

But others, that pretend to know the Fact, tell us, her Majesty indeed never said or thought so—But that these Things did in no-wise hinder the Reverend B—p from writing so—since it was no Novelty to hear, that his L——p does not use in his Letters on such Occasions to adhere to that useless *Thread-bare* Thing call'd Truth or Modesty; Witness his Allegations on the Royal Regiment.

When the Grave Prelate made with humble Tears,
To the Royal Petticoats his Christian Prayers;
And for disbanding Grace made his ORISONS,
Which like his Lordship's Sermons too were wise Ones.

But let this be as it will, I am not charging his L——p; this is certain, that Her Majesty not only did not authorize his L——p to write or say any such things, but never had any such Intention; and caused constant Assurances to be given to the Church of *Scotland*; *and has JUST NOW renewed those Assurances*, signifying that these Innovations do not, and shall not receive any Protection, Countenance, or Encouragement from Her Majesty, directly or indirectly, but that Her Majesty is firmly resolv'd, not only to *keep inviolate* THE UNION

UNION in all its Parts, and by which this Matter is ſecur'd; but alſo to preſerve the Church of *Scotland* in its Purity and Uniformity, Worſhip, Diſcipline and Government, as is expreſs'd in the ſaid Act of Union—— to the utmoſt of Her Power.

What a horrid Monſter is this RUMOUR, thus to aſſault the QUEEN and inſult the Church—— But Her Majeſty has given all Her Good People of *Scotland* repeated Satisfaction in the Point—— And if any Perſon offer to erect or impoſe the *Engliſh* Liturgy or Service upon *Scotland*, they muſt act contrary to the profeſs'd Intention of the QUEEN and Government; and the People of *Scotland* may be eaſie in this, that Her Majeſty will not break Her Royal Word with them—— and all the Noiſe of the QUEEN's ſupporting, encouraging, tollerating, or the ſetting up the Common-Prayer in *Scotland*, is nothing but the Vapour of a fermented Party, aſſiſted by this miſchievous Hag call'd RUMOUR.

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THE Monthly Miſcellany, or Memoirs for the Curious, for *May*, 1709, Vol. III. Containing, *Foſſiliæ* Sheppeianæ *Catalogus*. *African* Plants. Plants growing about the *Cape* of *Good-Hope*. Of the Origine of the Art of *Writing*. Continuation of the Diſcourſe of *Languages*. GOD farther vindicated, from the Aſperſions of thoſe of the *Upper* and *Lower* Way. Eſſay on Duelling, contin'd. Printed for *J. Woodward*, in St. *Chriſtopher*'s Church-Yard, *Thread-needle-Street*; and Sold by *John Morphew*, near *Stationers-Hall*.

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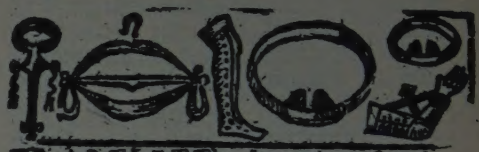

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